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1. Poetry, American









VOICES

VOICES

BY

KATHARINE COOLIDGE



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1899



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TO

MY FATHER

WHO LOVED THE FLOWERS OF FIELD AND
GARDEN AND THE GREAT SILENCES
OF THE TRACKLESS FOREST

WOR 19 FEB '36

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Sonnets.



AWAKE.

HERE is a marvel of life's mystery :
Deep in the centre of love's happiness,
And hidden in a breaking heart's distress,
Burns the same vital fire, upflaming free
To heavenly vision. So the soul shall be
Quickened by light revealed of pain's excess,
And stirred by rapture's radiant caress
To see the quivering springs of Destiny.
Awake ! Fear not the perilled heights of strife !
Great love and joy ; strong suffering and sin,
With strenuous, upreaching vision, rise
Beyond the veil, lifting us on to win
Possession of the power that purifies ; —
Flame leaps to flame, and God hath given thee
life !

IN Bethlehem the starry messenger
Of miracle shone in the night-hushed air,
Guiding the Magi, come to worship there
With gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
In self-abandonment they knelt with her
Who bore the Christ; knelt in a trance of prayer
To him who brought the balm of earth's despair:
Lover and prophet, friend, interpreter.
To Calvary no starry herald came,
But as the watching heavens were rent with flame,
One of the Magi, wandering from afar,
Prayed by the cross: "O Life! O Mystery!
By gates of fire and blood he comes to Thee:
So is fulfilled the promise of thy star."

LO ! Life hath quickened me, and here am I :
A vessel bursting with a mystic might ;
An atom potent with the Infinite ;
Too weak to wield its power ; too strong to die.
O Life, thine unveiled presence is too high,
Too pure, and shatters with excess of light
The daring one who tempts thy dazzling height ;
Who from the earth would touch thy circling sky.
Yet would I rather feel thy vital breath,
Filling my frailty with deep throes of strife,
Bearing my being to the gates of Death,
Than bide in stagnant ease, not knowing Thee :
So give thyself more fully, glorious Life,
Until thy rending force shall set me free.

UPLIFT, O Lord, to plenitude of power
Thy handiwork, this human instrument,
Shivered to discord, every lute-string rent
By the mad music of th' impassioned hour.
'T is Thou who framed it slight as any flower;
And Thine inexorable life that sent
The lightning blast from heavens of deep portent,
To strike the strings whose voice was of Thy dower.
Unfathomed is the mystery of Thy will
To make and mar, — to generate from clay
The quivering lute that lieth dumb to-day,
Where Thy revealed omnipotence hath passed
Scathing Thine own creation to fulfil
Thine unseen, perfect purpose at the last.

CREATION vibrates with a rhythmic thrill,
And every heart responds, as the harp's strings
Quiver to sound. Each flower, each bird that sings
For joy, each soul that seeks to fill
Itself with life and love, and may not still
The madness of a might that ever brings
New passion, glows with magic power that springs
From out the centre of the great world-will.
He only fully lives who feels its breath,
Whether for good or evil none may tell ;
Life to know life must pass through shades of
death,
Night touches day, and near to heaven is hell.
Sinner or saint then, he who dauntless gives
His heart's blood to the world, supremely lives.

LET us not mourn th' irrevocable past,
O love, nor linger with mad Memory,
Who haunts the abysmal borderland where we,
Far wandering from our sunlit shore, were cast.
Let us invoke the fire of God to blast
Away th' unholy blackness, till we see
Our lives, by power of heavenly alchemy,
Transmuted to clear radiance at last.
Here will we call on God to purify
The earthly elements with flames of life,
Till Beauty be raised up of dead Despair.
Mettle and sinew, won of mighty strife,
Shall live, the weakness and the suffering die,
And Memory unfettered shall be fair.

AS dawn from night ; as flame from hidden fire,
Reborn to mortal vision, vestal Spring
Comes clothed in tissued tints her vassals bring
From farthest worlds to fill her heart's desire.
Her lover, the South Wind, with dreamy lyre
Plays to her listening soul ; Sun-spirits wing
From Heaven's immensity, and worshipping,
Weave emerald sheen athwart her soft attire.
Laden with lilac fragrance, pure as light,
The motion of her breath is ecstasy ;
And rich with offerings garnered from all space,
Life quickens in her sweet, enraptured face ;
While with immortal arms she gathers me
To inspiration of the Infinite.

A THWART a wonder-arched autumnal sky,
Vividly blue, irradiantly deep,
Wild rushing winds in joyous freedom sweep,
And winged with white, great shining clouds
float by.

The Sun God's sparkling vestments vivify
Our golden Earth, till all her pulses leap
To glowing life, and her fruitions keep
The summer's sumptuous vitality.
Wakened to might amid the wealth of day,
High to the heavens joy surges everywhere ;
While on the singing winds' unfettered way
My spirit flies on wings of light and motion,
Swift as the clouds, and strong as the free ocean,—
One with all potencies of earth and air.

TO sleep in the starred arches of the night,
And ride the rolling surge of a free wind,
High o'er the purpling, white-capped sea; to find
The untrod path beyond the sunset light;
Thou shalt stir deep the unrevealèd might
Of thine own spirit, where yet sleeps enshrined
That potent word whose wakening will unbind
The elementals, and unseal thy sight.
Give thanks to Life if thou art tempest-hurled
Through the abyss to feel the pulsing world!
Of joy and pain reborn, thy life shall be,—
The boundless silence compassing the earth,
The love that blossoms in the springtide's birth,
The vibrant force of the far-shining sea.

A THWART the clouds that veil the invisible
Come messengers of Beauty, manifold,
To quicken and inspire. All aureoled
In rainbowed radiance color comes, to tell
Of heavenly harmonies: a miracle
Of glowing wonder wealth on earth to unfold,
Wrought in all hues, and glorified with gold
Of the sun fire, where light and life indwell.
And color visions vibrate in my sleep,
That earthly eyes may never hope to see:
Passionate, dream-dowered, luminously deep;
Color to make the painter's soul despair,
Waken a world to longing ecstasy,
And free the spirit in a flood of prayer.

PEACEFULLY clear and passionately bright,
The wood, uplifted to the Sun God's sway,
Is silent while a golden summer day
Dies in a triumph of transforming light.
Folded in flame the cloudland's lucent white,
Transfigured, glows in Heaven's high arching way,
And Earth is vested in her God array
Ere passing to the mystery of night.
Giver of life and beauty, hear my prayer!
My heart is strong with passion born of Earth;
Transmute with fire mine elementary might;
Mould mine increase of rapture and despair
To the just measure of its final worth,
That all I am may mingle with Thy light!

DEEP in the starry silence of the night
Breathes low the mystery of Life and Death,
While o'er the darkened waters wandereth
A voiceless spirit, veiled from mortal sight.
Upheld, enfolded in the encircling height
Of heaven, the hushed Earth softly draws her
breath,
And in the holy stillness listeneth
To sweeping wings of far-off worlds in flight.
Beauty ascends in elemental prayer :
Lifted in worship, lost in wonderment,
I join in Nature's night antiphony
That vibrates in the calm and sentient air ;
And through the veil of darkness am content
To touch the garment of Eternity.

SWEET is the earth-born breath of woods at night,

When o'er the dome of darkling branches sweep
The heavens where stars their holy vigil keep,
Poised, ether-winged, amid the orbèd height.
High arching aisles are touched with wonder-light,
And in dark pillared cloisters, calm and deep,
Waking while woodland worlds are hushed in sleep,

Dwelleteth a Mystery of the Infinite.

Close sanctuaried in these tender woods,
Where miracles of Death and Birth indwell,
The Mystery is folded in the spell
That Nature weaves around her solitudes ;
While over all in wide winged silence broods
The overshadowing Invisible.

A CROSS the tender blue soft clouds float by,
Cradled in motion of the dreamy air,
So vision-still it may not move the fair,
White form of yonder drowsing butterfly.
Cloud-like in summer trance I float, borne high
On wafting light, while shadowy wings of prayer
Cradle my soul in the Unconscious, where
The seeking earth blends with the guardian sky.
When I return no memory may tell
The story of that lost Invisible,
Nor may I find at will that way of light.
But distance-dim, still burns the sacred fire,
Guarding fulfilment of the soul's desire
Till Death shall quicken Life to wider flight.

THE city's burning heart beats far outside
This dim cathedral, where the mystic air
Vibrates with voices of impassioned prayer,
From generations that have lived and died.
Calm saints, despairing sinners, here have cried
To Heaven for mercy ; myriad lives laid bare
Their secret places, yielding to Christ's care
The burden, where His sacraments abide.
Soft from the jewelled windows falls the light,
Touching the incense-laden atmosphere
To glory, while a deep antiphony
Rolls from the organ to the arches' height.
To soul and sense a Presence liveth here,
Instinct with power of immortality.

WHO seeks the lethe of Nirvana's night
For solace from the woe of death and birth,
Has never known the spirit of the Earth
Unveiled and robed in sacramental white.
Her eyes aglow with deep, prophetic light,
She leads me by abysms of strange despair,
Beyond Oblivion, to the realms of air
That mingle with the starry Infinite.
There I behold her radiantly revealed
In passion of her high divinity,
Crowned with a mystic flame from fires above ;
And touched by her, the power of life, unsealed,
Bursts on my mortal vision, bearing me
Unto the Silence of unending love.

WINGED with desire for worlds unknown,
my soul

Absorbed itself beyond itself, and free,
Floating in pure white flame, I thought to see
The immaterial vision of life's whole :
To find the sealed invisible unroll,
And grasp the flying form of Mystery ;
But lo, near earth-born voices came to me,
Fraught with our common happiness and dole.
I felt a little child's glad love of life ;
I wept with women in the house of death,
Worshipped with sinners at the Virgin's shrine.
Within all joy, within all pangs of strife,
I touched the silent spirit's quivering breath,
And in the human found the light divine.

HIS love for her was blended with each breath
Of earth and sky ; calm of a summer night,
Spring's tenderness, glory of sunset light
Folded his heart in flame that quickeneth.
He heard the quiet voice that whispereth
Of waters fraught with life ; the heavenly height
Drew near to clasp him to the Infinite,
Winged with the human love that knows no death.
His love for her was borne in every prayer
That floats immortal in the listening air,
And woven with every lily of the field.
He loved her with his soul's prophetic power,
And with the impassioned sweetness of each hour :
So to a poet's heart was love revealed.

HE trusted, loved, and gave her all in all ;
She fancied, spoiled for pleasure,—and forsook.
The world, immaculate, refused to look
Her way and pushed her, cowering, to the wall.
Racked and bewildered by the sudden fall
From love to shame, she found a secret nook,
That she might hide her stricken face ; and took
In dangerous draughts, her flowing cup of gall.
The gods had pity on her misery ;
In her young arms they laid a little child,
And born again to sweet maternity,
She girded on a force from Heaven above,
And walked in patient courage, undefiled,
Bearing the witness of her tragic love.

SUN-CLAD, among the daisies white and gold,
My little child is wandering joyously,
Glad with the wonder of the earth and sky ;
Her hair in shining nimbus aureoled.
She reaches out her arms as if to enfold
The fleeting fulness everlasting.
The daisies nestle to her heart, and high
Above her is the azure depth untold.
The world awaits her ; round her and within
Are life and love to lead her on the way.
O radiant child, may thy clear spirit win
An open path, that even through the night
Shall guide thee as thou wanderest to-day, —
Wrapped in the golden glory of the light.

STILL standing on the threshold of her fate,
Fresh with the dewy flowers of childhood's
field,
She touches wonderlands all unrevealed,
Where womanhood's wide arching vistas wait.
Dreamfully far, her eyes are passionate
With potent fires of joy or pain, still sealed
Within the heart that palpitates to wield
The wakening forces of her new estate.
Life calls aloud and lights the signal fire,
And all her being leaps to Life's desire.
I would not hold her sheltered from the strife ;
But I will closely bind Love's talisman
About her strenuous heart, — 't is all I can :
I love her, and I give her up to Life.

O THOU, Whose inspiration raiseth high
The arch of Heaven's cerulean canopies,
Whose loving hand hath poised the Pleiades
Amid the marvels of Thy night-starred sky ;
Thou, Whose near tendernesses glorify
The elemental music of Thy seas,
And touch to beauty, fraught with mysteries,
Each petalled flower and light-winged butterfly :
Thy pure omnipotence make visible
Within my child, who lieth near to death ;
Enfold him with creative life, and fill
His form with benediction of Thy breath :
Oh, suffer this divinest miracle
To answer the uplifting of my faith !

SPIRIT of Prayer, with wings of white desire
Thou cleavest the wide curtains of our night,
To mingle with far Empyrean fire,
And vivify the earth with new-found light.
Thine eyes behold the mysteries of God ;
His revelation trembles in thy breath ;
Yet thy swift, consecrated steps have trod
All ways, all worlds, wherein man wandereth.
Seeking, I find, when thy hand holdeth mine ;
Knocking, I walk bewildering ways with thee,
To pass from mortal shadows to a shrine
Lit by the stars of faith and prophecy.
Thou art the living bond to unify
A searching earth, an all-revealing sky.

AS long as lilies bloom and zephyrs blow ;
While seas reflect the ever changing hue
Of heaven, and immemorial rivers flow
Through golden forests to the ocean's blue :
As long as mountains lift their massive might
Above the valley's undulating grace,
And Evening's saffron flames call silent Night
To show the starry splendor of her face ;
While the omnipotence of motion thrills
In waves of rapture through the earth and air,
And color revels o'er the wooded hills ; —
No breaking heart need yield to dim despair !
Irradiant Beauty shall keep strong and pure
Our will to live, our courage to endure.

BEYOND the tree tops to the shining sky,
By sunlit space of free encircling air,
My heart was lifted in a passionate prayer
For solace from the toils of destiny.
Beauty wrapped all the world in mystery ;
And beauty seemed to mock at my despair.
Then rose a snow-white bird above me, where
The sunlight's glory touched him, soaring high :
Clothed in pure radiance the wide white wings,
Gloriously white against the heavens' blue ;
Like a celestial messenger who brings
Glad tidings from the worlds invisible.
And my heart heard, as aureoled he flew,
Strong silent voices crying, "All is well."

DEAR comrade, I am called by Death to-night,
While thou wilt stay with sorrow on the earth
As through the void I take my lonely flight,
To solve the mystery of another birth.
But Heaven, nor Hell, nor any bourn of Death
Shall hold our lives, belovèd, long apart ;
To-morrow, when my soul awakeneth,
Love shall find wings to bear me to thy heart.
Filled with immortal might of love's desire ;
From worlds invisible, my spirit free,
Through veils of darkness, or through clouds of fire,
Shall cross the abyss to find a way to thee ;
And as I come, from mansions of the dead,
Knowing me near thou shalt be comforted.

WHEN I am gone upon the unknown way,
Leaving thee still to earthly destiny ;
When to my spirit's flight the course is free
Through Death to Life, no barrier shall stay
My soul from thine. If in this shadowed day
I am so strong in the great love of thee
That glorifies my world, what shall it be
When prisoning clouds of darkness break away !
My soul shall seek thee from the uttermost part
Of Heaven or Hell, winged with the fire divine, —
Flying from worlds invisible to move
And breathe with thee. Rapture shall fill thy heart
As my freed spirit rushes into thine,
Inspired by the immortal strength of Love.

MIIGHTIER than music, deeper than the sound
Of rolling thunder, or the ocean's roar ;
Beyond the storm, above the clash of war
Is Silence — by world-voices cinctured round.
Fathomless, still, within lies hallowed ground
Trod by the angels ; from that spaceless shore
The waves of time fall back forevermore :
There Love is born ; there Life by Love is crowned.
I find thee in the Silence, when my heart
Can pierce the clamor of the encircling space
Where chaos seems to guard divinity ;
And though my fate decrees that I must part
From thee on earth, no more to see thy face,
The Silence holds my love eternally.

Will and fate.

WORLD-WILL.

O WORLD-WILL weaving the gray of
Death

And the gold of Life with a shuttle of flame,
The rose of the dawn with the stars of night,
Thy fabric floateth as light as breath
In the winds of flame, and never the same
Are the magic hues in the wavering light.

O World-Will weaving the weft of Love
And the warp of Hate with a shuttle of fire,
The shadow of storm with the light of the sun,
The silvery thread of dreams inwove
With the flashing fire of the heart's desire,
Thy pattern is strange ere thy work is done.

Wild to our vision, O Will of the World !
Fling thy fabric wide o'er the dooms of Death,
And lo, where the color was crude and cold,
While over the lands of Life unfurled,
The light of Death and his mystic breath
Transformeth thy web to a cloth of gold !

PRIMEVAL.

AROUSE thee, Neptune, lord of all the sea ;
Surges of power Titanic bow to thee ;
Fathomless waters rise at thy command,
And hurl their crests to cannonade the land.
Now, o'er thy rolling realm from shore to shore,
Resounds the crashing thunder-peal of war.

More fatal than the lightning of thine ire,
Flashes the fury of a nation's fire ;
Louder than roar of any rock-bound sea,
Booms the relentless war-ship's battery ;
Shivering the Silence, sowing the earth for years
With seed of sorrow harvested in tears.

Here burns the old, impetuous desire
Of thy primeval energy and fire ;
Here leaps to life the elemental might
Latent in man, now furiously alight
With flames volcanic, stirring land and sea
To wild, death-dealing, splendid potency !

Arouse thee, Neptune, for from shore to shore
Resounds the rolling thunder-peal of war !

FATE.

I HEAR the tread of approaching feet ;
The marching step of an ordered Fate
Advancing under the arch of Time.
I stand and wait ; there is no retreat ;
The Future opens her shadowy gate ;
Her armies pass on a quest sublime.

The rhythmic tread, like a surging sea,
Comes nearer under the echoing arch ;
I see the gleam of a herald light,
And feel the touch of a prophecy ;
While Fate bears on in the steadfast march
A new decree from the Infinite.

What comes to me from the Future's gate
Is mine by right of the will of God ;
Is mine in Life, and is mine in Death !
I wait the word from the hosts of Fate,
Erect in ways where the Past hath trod,
Serene and still in the might of faith.

VIBRATION.

PULSING with the ebb and flow of oceans,
Crowning the long wave with crest of white,
Central in the stars' aerial motions,
Balancing the sea-gull's sweeping flight ;

Mighty in the storm's imperial thunder,
Radiant in the golden sunset's glow,
Opening in the flower's ethereal wonder,
Magic in the crystal stars of snow ;

Till each mote is caught in the vibration,
As it dances in the shimmering sun,
Beats the rhythm and music of creation,
Blending beauty's miracles in one.

Poised in circling flight beyond our vision,
Breathe in unison the worlds above ;
While our hearts, entranced to dreams Elysian,
Tremble to the human note of love.

You and I have felt the lode-star quiver,
Through the throbbing silence of the night ;
Borne together on Life's rhythmic river :
One more chord within the Infinite.

RIDE !

NOW mount the wingèd steeds of Fate:
Ride, ride to-night with me !
Slip curb and bridle,—leap the gate,—
One dash for liberty !

Be Heaven or Hell our destiny,
Ride, ride from poisoning strife !
Free as the boundless, surging sea,—
Mad with the breath of life !

LET ME LIVE.

THE saints have learned to suffer here and
strive,
With sacrifice and pain ; no saint am I ;
This earth is beautiful, I am alive ;
Oh, let me fully live before I die !

I would rejoice in radiance of each hour,
Nor wait to pass the portals of the sky.
I feel the breath of Love, the sense of power ;
Oh, let me fully live before I die !

To vibrate joyously in every part ;
Mingle with music of Life's ecstasy :
This is the passion of my human heart ;
Oh, let me fully live before I die !

SPIRIT DRIVEN.

A SOUL soared high on the wings of the morn,
Ever seeking her God ;
Like a mountain eagle swiftly upborne
To the sun's abode ;
Piercing the earth veil that covers the dawn,
To look on the face of the unknown God.

Clothed in her whiteness she rose to the sky,
By the sunlight wooed ;
Bewildered and blinded by ecstasy,
She looked for her God ;
But she saw her own demon all nakedly
Revealed in its power for ill and for good.

The demon bound her to follow or die,
In darkness and light.
The soul that had seen the glory on high
Must enter the night.
Her spirit was loosed from her mastery,
Because she had touched the forbidden height.

On through the whirlwind, and on through the
fire
Swept demon and soul ;
On through the flames of an endless desire
Where mysteries unroll ;
In joy and in torture, now lower, now higher,
Spirit ridden to death, yet seeking the goal.

To the pit of Hell, to the Heaven's height,
Life hunted they rode,
Till she knew her wild demon's maddening
might ;
Knew evil and good ;
Then humbled, death weary, yet quickened with
light,
She looked at last on the face of her God.

FLAME AND WIND.

I.

“ **C**HILD, wilt thou wrestle with the wind
and flame,
And dare the dark, phantasmagoreal night,
To seek yon visioned palace of delight ? ”
From bourns invisible the question came, —
A voice that spoke to a young maiden’s ears,
As dreaming on the hill she looked afar
To hazy heights, where, tremulous as air,
Glistened a palace of celestial spheres.
With dawning flash of vision in her eyes
The girl had vowed : “ Before my body dies,
My feet to yonder heights shall carry me :
High faith in Heaven shall be my staff and rod
To stay my footsteps to the feet of God,
By swift ascending ways of ecstasy.”

She heard the questioning voice, yet how or
whence
Knew not, and answered : “ Yes, I feel no fear.
Whoe’er thou art who strangely speakest here,
Oh, listen to my prayer, and lead me hence

To seek yon mountain top, mysterious voice!"
"Thou hast not chosen the sunny paths of
 peace,"
The voice made answer, "yet in joy's surcease,
Whate'er betide, abandon not thy choice.
Thy feet must tread the rugged rocks of strife,
For in thy spirit burns the fire of life.
From this day forth a wanderer thou art ;
Gird in thy robe, cast not thine eyes behind,
Fear not the wild ravines of flame and wind,
And bind Love's talisman around thy heart."

II.

With feet that flew to the breeze's song,
And eyes that shone as the rippling sea,
The maiden ran o'er the emerald lea,
Light as the leaping deer, and strong
As the purling dash of a sunlit stream
That laughs for joy as the waters race ;
The light of rapture was in her face,
And she followed free to the mountain's gleam
 With a buoyant grace.

Before the silver of twilight's veil
Had dimmed the gold of a sunset sky,
Her flying feet had carried her high
Among the hills to a forest trail ;

And when the star of the Evening shone
On woodlands silent and motionless,
The skies drew near in their tenderness,
Enfolding her close while she watched alone,
To the night's caress.

By hills of heather, and valleylands,
She passed with joy in her glistening eyes ;
For still uprose in the distant skies
That shining peak where the palace stands ;
And when for many a vivid day
The happy wanderer's steps had flown
Through lands of light, by a path unknown,
She came at dawn to the travelled way
Of a hillside town.

III.

“ Belovèd, where wert thou, and where was I
Before Love led our wandering steps together ?
When first I saw thee coming o'er the heather
Beneath the morning sky,
The light of life arose for me ;
I love thee and have never lived ere this ;
Before thee life is lost to memory,
Thou hast awakened me to unknown bliss.”

“And thou, when thy feet followed down the
hill

From yonder town, and met me by the river,
I thought I must have known thy face forever,
And all my heart grew still
With wonder of new ecstasy,
So natural it is to love thee so :
I think my soul was always filled with thee,
Although I never knew it until now.”

“Look ! the white light of Heaven above the
mountain peak

Makes visible the temple that I seek !
O love, no longer now I walk alone,
But close together through the night and day,
We follow by the consecrated way,
And deep inspired by love, seek now as one ! ”

IV.

“Hold out thy hand, I cannot see thy face ;
The way is long, and dark the starless night ;
When thou art near me in this fateful place,
My joy in thee renews my failing might.
Alone, I may not follow on the quest ;
Alone, my footsteps falter in the dark ;
Thy touch is courage to endure the test,
And bound together we may win the mark.

“ Dear comrade, yonder is the mountain shrine ;
Beneath our feet the valley’s black abyss.
On, through the shadows with thy hand in mine,
The high path perilous we shall not miss.
Keep close and lead me on the rock-bound way
Until we welcome a new dawn of day.”

“ Belovèd, where art thou ? I cannot see
Amid this horror of fierce flame and wind ;
I stand in darkness and dread mystery,
Seeking thy hand in vain, — mine eyes are
blind, —
Oh, call aloud, and tell me where thou art,
That I may shelter thee against the night
Of fire and tempest ! We are borne apart.
My love, I leave thee, swept far down the night !”

“ Alone, alone, lost in the wilderness
Of flame and wind ; — O voice that prophesied,
Thou toldst me not of this ; companionless,
Despairing on this maddening mountain side,
Bereft of him I love, I wander on,
Lost to the guiding light, — alone, alone.”

V.

Cresting the mystic mountain’s cloudless height
With pristine splendor of marmoreal white,

Glistened a temple built by Powers unseen ;
Translucent arch and turret stood serene
Against the inspired sky, deep aureoled
With radiance of shimmering sunset gold.
White gates of tracery were open wide,
When, passing from the sloping mountain side,
Entered a woman, weary, worn, alone,
And silent, knelt before a shadowed throne ;
Bowed low in passion of exalted prayer,
A nimbus wreathing soft her silvered hair :
“ O Thou whose presence is a mystery
And inspiration, here I kneel to Thee.
Before I knew the meaning of my life,
Unpurified by suffering and strife,
I saw Thy temple with far, childlike eyes,
Glowing against Thine amethystine skies,
And thought my spirit consecrate to love
Of Thee, leading my footsteps high above
The valleylands to seek this hallowed place.
Long wandering, I find Thee face to face ;
Thy mercy strengthened me through flame and
wind ;
The storm-bound darknesses lie far behind ;
But I come not unscathed ; — to love — to live
Hath been my fate : oh, listen and forgive !
I lay a woman’s heart within Thy hands,
For wandering through golden valleylands,
I found the light I sought in far-off skies

Shining forth tenderly from earthly eyes,
And all aspiring towards Thine Infinite,
Found in a finite soul Thy wonder-light.
When I fared forth, a child, I thought Thee all
In all to me, and answered the clear call
To dedicate my life to seeking Thee
Within Thy palace of eternity.
I have attained, yet listen to my heart :
Thine elements have swept me far apart
From him, my love, and Thine ethereal light
Weighs on my spirit as the shadowed night
When he is gone ; rather the clouded earth
Shall be my heritage, than the broad girth
Of sunlit zones, if I must wander there
Alone. I have attained, yet hear my prayer :
The deeper revelation of Thy love
Stole on my heart as whispering winds may move
Over the water-way's unconscious peace,
Stirring the deeps to turbulent increase
By miracle of human love. O Thou
Whose hand hath framed our being, Thou wilt
know
My heart ; — here in this holy sanctuary,
The presence chamber consecrate to Thee,
I kneel with mind and spirit unfulfilled ;
Thy heavenly peace and glory have not stilled
My longing, if my love be not found here ;
Rather the darkest depth when he is near,

Than brightest pinnacle of heaven, alone.
If death and suffering may not yet atone,
Then cast me backward down the black ravine !
— Yet to my heart of hearts a voice unseen
Whispereth : ‘ Human love is given by God ;
The winding, tortured way thy feet have trod
Hath led thee where thy love awaiteth thee ;
Love leads by darkness to God’s sanctuary.’
O Thou whose tenderness enfoldeth all,
In Thy pure justice answer to my call ! ”

The Silence trembled o’er her human cry,
In peace impassioned of eternity.

DELPHI.

WOULD high Apollo's word mislead men's
lives !

From the weird Pythian cave his fiat rang,
Bidding Orestes slay, for vengeance' sake,
The mother who had borne and nurtured him.
Kneeling before the Delphic oracle,
Beneath the glorious blue of Grecian heavens,
On Mount Parnassus' slope, Orestes' soul
Was shadowed by the lust of dark revenge,
And the omnipotent oracle gave forth
The fatal voice of Clytemnestra's doom.

Each mortal dreaming dreams beyond the earth,
Climbs Mount Parnassus, kneels before the
shrine

Where shadowy vapors rise to meet the sky ;
There the deep echoes of his fondest hope
Take form before his half-entrancèd soul ;
Fashioned as gods ; speaking in oracles,
To lead him through all shadows, and all shapes
Created in the image of his heart,

Invoked by the strong voice of his desire ;
He only hears the god Apollo's word,
Who casts the earth-stained sandals from his
feet,
And listens with a free, unshadowed soul.

PSYCHE.

HER golden dream lay dead,
Gone was the splendor of her dwelling-
place ;
Alone she lingered in the silent space
Whence Eros, once revealed, had fled, —
Then sought the waiting wilderness of night,
A wayfarer seeking a vanished light.

She climbed the mountain's brow,
Where erst the nymphs had glimmered to her
gaze,
Unveiled and fair ; through darkling woodland
ways
Their mystic voices murmured low :
“On thy dimmed eyes we may not dawn again ;
Thy dream is dead, and lost thy talisman.”

“Thy golden dream is dead,”
Echoed sad, sylphic voices of the air,
“The hamadryads hide from thy despair ;”
And the dull, ominous moon rose red

Above a stream, where drifting naiads cried :
"No light is ours for her whose dream hath
died."

Sweet magic of the earth,
Swift revelations of the azured air,
And wandering water were bedimmed where'er
She passed ; blind in her spirit's dearth
She called the stars, cried to the silver sea :
"Oh, give again my golden dream to me !"

Great Oceanus rolled
In still, unanswering majesty ; the sky
Flashed fathomless above her broken cry,
And Eros came not to enfold
Her mortal being with th' immortal love
Long waiting in the Olympian halls of Jove.

Beyond the Stygian stream
Her sorrow drove her to the blackest night
Of Erebus, seeking the vanished light
And life of her lost golden dream :
Before her lonely heart the phantoms fled ;
Beneath her feet all human hope lay dead.

Then Iris called her name :
"Come through the crystal-domed Invisible ;
Sink in the silence of my holy spell ;
Seek only mid the deathless flame."

Bright Iris breathed upon her earth-dimmed
eyes,
To lead her through the gate of mysteries.

Swift by the rainbow's girth,
They spanned the reaches of the upper air
To sapphire-crowned Olympus, where,
Free from the labyrinthine earth,
Her wingèd god, in the high halls of Jove,
Clasped her to knowledge of immortal love.

Earthward she heard once more
The long-hushed music of nymphæan woods,
Telling the secret of their solitudes ;
And by th' entrancèd shadowy shore,
Tremblingly mirrored in the quiet stream,
Sweet hamadryads sang her golden dream.

THREE WAYS.

I.

PARACELSUS.

“ **A**LL-WISE, the wisdom of my wakened soul
Transcends the cunning of my brain and
hand
To touch the keynote in each grain of sand,
And hear Thy spirit’s vast vibration roll
Athwart far worlds. Potential of the whole
Creation, fashioned like to Thee, I stand
Empowered by birth to mingle or disband
Thine atoms, quivering from pole to pole.
My heart’s imagination, lifted high,
Shall call the ether’s elements to be
My slaves, and the soul’s magic clarify
Earth’s wilderness ; when faith reveals to me
The last, lost watchword of Thy guarded sky ;
For Thou art all in all, and I am Thee.”

II.

TRISTAN.

“**I**S there a life beyond my love of thee,
Isolda ! Thou art heaven and life and love,
And through thy soul th’ invisible realms above
Have drawn to earth and been revealed to me.
Quickened to vision by thine eyes I see
Impassioned fires of purer worlds that prove
All tender mysteries wherein we move
And breathe, and have our being deathlessly.
Isolda, the white flame of life leaps far
To heaven, and quivering through the even-
ing light,
Blends our rapt being with th’ eternal breath :
So, as I die, Love lifts the shadowy bar
To bid me whisper from the marge of night :
‘Forever loving thee, there is no death.’”

III.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

“CHRIST, let me share Thy passion through
the still,
Starred night, and know Thine hours of agony ;
That all my life, supremely lost in Thee,
Be lifted where Thy love alone may fill
Mine empty chalice. Chasten me until
These eyes of faith, flame purified, shall see
Thy face, and while Thou benderest over me,
Merge my desires with Thine eternal will.
I love Thee in each tender living thing
Imaged of Thee ; oh, give me grace to bring
Thy little children, wandering in the night,
To the sweet silence where Thy whispers move,
And touch me with such miracle of love,
That I may lift Thy lepers to the light.”

MORNING.

OVER the opal sea, love ; over the land ;
Swift as the wings of light, love, by
Love's command ;
Searching, my spirit finds thee, where'er thou art :
Space hath no power to bar me ; time cannot part
Lives that are bound together, as thine and
mine ; —
Souls that have knelt in worship, within Love's
shrine.

Winds of the dawn, assemble, from east and west ;
Spirits of air and ocean, serve Love's behest ;
Borne by the flying ether, I come to thee
Over the violet mountains, over the sea ;
Space cannot bound my spirit's buoyant flight ; —
Over the world I come, love, swift as the light.

EVENING.

ACROSS the shadows of a dying day,
Soft, lonely woodland winds are whispering,
And o'er the silvered waters' trackless way,
Love reaches out to thee, and memories cling
To soul and sense. Darkly the bonds of space
Bear on the human need to touch thy hand;
To see the love-light waken in thy face,
While tenderness of shadow resteth o'er the land.

LOVE'S POWER.

WHERE 'ER thou goest I am there,
Though pathless mountains lie between ;
Close at thy side I walk unseen,
And feel thy passion and thy prayer.
Wide separation doth but prove
The mystic might of human love.

Where'er we wander God is there,
Though doubt and evil rage between
He leadeth us in ways unseen,
And feels our rapture and despair.
Sin and rebellion may not move
The conquering might of heavenly love.

EVENING.

ACROSS the shadows of a dying day,
Soft, lonely woodland winds are whispering,
And o'er the silvered waters' trackless way,
Love reaches out to thee, and memories cling
To soul and sense. Darkly the bonds of space
Bear on the human need to touch thy hand ;
To see the love-light waken in thy face,
While tenderness of shadow resteth o'er the land.

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He leadeth us in ways unseen,
And feels our rapture and despair.
Sin and rebellion may not move
The conquering might of heavenly love.

LIGHT.

BELOVED, when I feel thy hand in mine,
And see within thine eyes love's hallowed
light,
Mine eyes are clarified to purer sight,
Till I behold a radiance divine
Not wholly thine.

Such radiance is a part of Him above,
Whose inspiration fills the Infinite
With tender, moving stars ; and in the love
That shineth through thy mortal eyes to-night,
I see His light.

A VOICE.

“ **G**OD holds thee in the hollow of His hand:”
So spake a voice beyond the veil of
night;

Beyond the stars; from realms of unseen light
Breathing this message to my shadow-land :
“ God holds thee in the hollow of His hand,
Fear not.” As cometh to wild waters peace,
Or to a prisoned bird the glad release ;
So to my fevered heart this deep command.

Yet still the cloud shapes gather where I stand,
And lightning flashes thwart an angry sky ;
Still the sun’s radiance may not glorify
These paths mysterious of shadow-land ;
But I have heard a voice, — a still command
Of messengers unseen : “ Fear not,” it saith,
“ The light is near, walk on in steadfast faith,
God holds thee in the hollow of His hand.”



Voices.



STRENGTH.

UPLIFT thy spirit to the Lord of Life ;
So shall thine eyes behold His handiwork,
His altars be unveiled in earth and skies ;
The rolling hills array themselves anew
In glory of His everlasting light ;
Broad rivers flow in mightier majesty
To emerald depths of immemorial seas.

Uplift thy mind to Him who is thy strength,
And lo, the gold of setting suns shall glow
To timeless mysteries of illumined heavens ;
The impassioned air be deep inspired to calm,
Crystalline brooks shall sing with joy new-born,
And flowers of field and wilderness be clothed
With erewhile unrevealed irradiance.

Uplift thy heart to God, who loveth thee ;
Then shall thy feet be light upon the hills,
Thy voice be heard rejoicing in all lands,
Life bound within thy veins, and o'er thy brow
Be set the seal of vision, to behold
The world that God createth with His breath,
Robed in that light wherewith He seeth all.

VOICES.

VOICE of a wandering water, that murmurs
 in brier and brake,
Rippling by elm and willow, to join in the
 echoing lake.

Song of the meadow grasses, that swish to the
 roving wind ;
Hum of a spring-tide forest, where wakening
 worlds are enshrined.

Note of a wood thrush fluting a melody sylvan
 of love ;
Whispering, rustling voices, where leaves on the
 breezes move.

Sough of the pines intoning the poems of wood-
 land and lea ;
Crash of the rolling thunder, and boom of a
 rock-rimmed sea :

Nature's immortal music, upwinging from earth
 to the skies :
Floating in lambent ether, to Thee in Thy
 heavens shall rise.

Voices of all Thy people, instinct with Thy life-giving breath :

Cry of a new-born infant, and low-sighing passage of death ;

Shouts of Thy happy children, and whispers of passionate prayer,

Mingled with love's sweet singing : one chord in the listening air.

Soft to the waiting Silence, all voices shall come at Thy call,

God of the deep world-wonder ; O God of our hearts, hearing all.

REVELATION.

A WHISPER of the night, a murmur of the sea,
A glint of flame beyond the westward hills,
Wing on the sentient air, softly revealing Thee,
Whose ever moving inspiration fills
The spring with ecstasy, calls fluttering nestlings
home
To hushed arcades of sanctuaried woods,
And quivers in the blue of heaven's translucent
dome,
In mystery of unending solitudes.

A wandering evening wind, a silence of the sky,
The flash of sunlit wings in joyous flight,
Woo our awakening hearts to Thee, and testify
Of worlds invisible and infinite.
Like freshening summer rain Thy benedictions
fall
On thirsting lands from deep, enfolding skies ;
Thy revelation seeks by myriad ways to call
An answering vision to our veiled eyes.

IRIS.

OVER the rim of the rolling hills,
Down from the uttermost arch of the sky,
Swift Iris came,
Like a flying flame,
By the radiant path where the rainbow thrills,
And the wandering winds of the world sweep by
In silent flight
To the calm of night.

As a fire that burns from the breast of Sleep
May stir the passion of waking hours,
With vivid gleams
From the dawn of dreams ;
Swift Iris touched the tremulous deep
Of our listening hearts to impassioned powers,
Born of love
For the worlds above.

For worlds of the bright Invisible,
Whose message is borne by the quivering
wings

Of the rainbow's hue
From the farthest blue,
Where the laurel-wreathed immortals dwell ; —
Whose word is voiced when the nightingale
sings,
And whispered low
Where the zephyrs blow.

Iris is gone o'er the verge of the night,
But sped by the gods she will glimmer again
Down the rainbow's girth,
To the watching earth ;
Murmuring her word where the sea shines
white ;
Sending her shaft through the shimmering rain,
To lift our eyes
Through her circling skies.

NOVEMBER.

WIND-SWEPT, bereaved, the trees are sighing,
Glory of autumn gold is dying,
While dreamless sleep of winter's reign
Broods o'er the shivering earth again ;
But lovingly my hands enclose
A lily bulb, faint tipped with rose ;
The tender swathes so closely rolled
About its inmost heart, enfold
Mystic potentiality.
Strange, that to set these forces free
To give ethereal beauty birth,
The form must feel the shrouded earth,
And sleep with Death to fully live ;
Losing itself that Life may give
More power and sweetness to the light
From darkened solitudes of night.
Joyfully then I bury it there,
And leave the end to Nature's care,
Knowing the lily's heart upborne,
Shall greet the Resurrection morn.

THE ROMANY GIRL.

CHILD of the wandering Air and primal Earth,
All elements assembled at her birth,
And wove within her heart their magic spell,
Fraught with sweet, sylvan mysteries that dwell
Deep cloistered in the dim druidic woods,
To thrill, up-quivering, from far mountain solitudes.

Wind voices chanting on the rock-rimmed shore,
Sang to her soul their immemorial lore ;
Still lights and wavering shadows on the hills,—
The lilting laugh of iridescent rills
Leaping the moss-grown gorge, from mountain snows,
Taught her the deathless secret Nature knows :
The secret murmured in a sudden note
Of melody, when chords of music float
Beyond our mortal ear ; the revelation given
In holy dreams when earthly veils are riven ;

The mystery that quickens leaf and flower,
Her nomad soul possessed by right of dower.

She knew the poetry of each forest nook ;
The lush and woodsy moss beside the brook,
Close sanctuaried valleys shadowed deep,
Where, sealed for centuries, old enchantments
sleep ;
And when strange portents flamed across the
sky,
She read the signals of new destinies.

So when the wonder of sweet human love
Dawned in her heart, the wild nymphæan grove
Echoed the miracle ; the stars of night
Strengthened her love with their celestial light,
And Nature gave her deepest life to bless
This Nature-child ; lover and prophetess.

TIME AND THE RIVER.

I KNOW an isle where willows weep
Along lush marges, green and low ;
Where limpid waters, wide and deep,
In full caressing cadence flow ;
There long I linger with my love,
Embosomed in luxuriance
Of mossy vale and emerald grove ;
Enraptured of the summer's trance,
While swift beneath a sapphire sky,
Time and the river roll by.

Iris and azured asphodel
Bloom in bewildering beauty there,
And light and motion weave their spell
Of pristine tints on earth and air ;
Far-floating, silvery shadows pass
On wings of magic down the lea,
While o'er the violet-woven grass
We wander mid the mystery,
And dreaming watch, my love and I,—
Time and the river roll by.

Watch time and the mysterious river,
With timeless, visioned eyes of love,
Linked with th' invisible forever ;
While far and near wide waters move,
Encircling valleyland and wood
Of all that willow-girded isle,
In poesy of solitude ;
Where Love may watch and wander, while,
Tranquil, beneath the endless sky,
Time and the river roll by,

INDIAN SUMMER.

STILL as a benediction breathed
By soul of Summer's vanished days,
The tremulous air is soft inwreathed
With glory of illumined haze.

The golden earth and silver sea
Melt dreaming to the sky's caress,
And swathed in light of mystery,
Life knows the peace of perfectness.

“OPEN SESAME.”

WHERE the wide hall window looks to
the west,
Tall lilies shine in the sunset light,
And the jessamine’s fragrance fills the air ;
The clouds float low
In a golden glow,
While sweet, from the shadows that fall within,
Come the notes of a violin.

Surely our heaven lies very near,
If just the voice of a violin,
And the way a lily looks in the light,
Give the magic key,
The swift sesame
That opens a way to the passing gleam
Of a world our spirits dream.

Another sense, like a new-born star,
Is flashed on the unknown heaven, revealed
When the deathless depth of our quivering
hearts

All the power new-born of sorrow that is yet in
bonds to Fate ;
All the penance and the passion, I would hold
and consecrate,
Ready for the radiant coming of Thy pure
celestial fire,
When mine elemental nature, and the heart of
my desire
Shall be hallowed to Thy Presence, and the
spectres of my night
Turned to ministering spirits by the coming of
Thy light.
Every miracle of living, height of love and
depth of strife,
Here I offer on Thine altar to be lifted unto
Life !

BEAUTY AND SORROW.

THERE was a day when wrapped in childhood's grace,
Earth's beauty fed my heart with golden fire,
Uplifting me, all joyousness, to higher
And tenderer worlds within the Heaven's
embrace ;
But now that I have seen the unveiled face
Of Sin, and Pain of limitless desire
Hath bounden me where most I would aspire,
The joys and pangs of Beauty interlace.
Springtide awakened wooeth to ecstasy,
Yet quickeneth all longings unfulfilled ;
A rainbowed sky, an opalescent sea,
Cloistered arcades of forest-land, night stilled,
With sorrow born of rapture circle me,
Humbling my heart to God as Life hath willed.



Dreams.

NIGHT.

MAKE known, O Night, thy twofold mystery:

Thy brooding darknesses embosom Death ;
Thy wide arcana's light illumineth
All life ; reveal thine inmost self to me !
Sleep guideth me, through Vision's veil, to thee ;
And wandering, my spirit wakeneth
To fairer worlds, but thine immortal breath
Looseth the links of mortal Memory.
Dimly remembered silences gleam far
And soft athwart thy threshold's mystic bar ;
Kindle my spirit with thy hallowed light
So mightily that Memory may keep
Her union with thy soul, revealed by Sleep,
To lift this darkened day, O radiant Night !

DREAMLAND.

O HOLY Hypnos, listen to my prayer :
Touch my closed eyelids with thy magic
wand,
That I may seek far bourns of Lethe's land,
And find the key of vision hidden there,
Dreamily drifting through the hazy blue,
To palaces where all that seems is true.

There dwell pure spirits of the forms on earth :
The whispered secret of the woods at even,
White flame of stars that glow in highest heaven,
The arcana of the springtide's wonder-birth ;
The lily's heart, the rainbow's mystery,
And the deep anthem of the encircling sea.

MEMORY AND PROPHECY.

TWIN sisters, Memory and Prophecy,
Attend us when we pass the mystic gate
Of mortal birth to find our wayward fate,
Trailing the past and meeting the to be.
The starry-visioned child may dimly see
Worlds immemorial, and worlds that wait
His steps, as with far fires irradiate,
He stands, potential of his destiny.
And sometimes as we wander on our way,
The timeless past breaks on our dusky day
With quickening revelation, and unsealed
By the same blaze of dazzling wonder-light,
Blended in one within the infinite,
Flashes of past and future are revealed.

ABDALLAH'S PRAYER.

“CLEAR rivers rise in immemorial hills,
And roll through lands luxuriantly fair,
To mingle with the sea ;
Circled by citron groves, the bulbul trills
His lilting love-song to the listening night,
In blended ecstasy ;
Enchanted music of cool mountain rills
Rings heavenward from the dimly shadowed
grove,
Folded in fragrant air,
And every flower of wood and field fulfils
The sweet desire for fullest life and love,
That Thou hast planted there.

“While only I, O Allah, suffer dearth,
Alone, and lost on wastes of burning sand,
Beneath th' unpitying sun.
For man Thou hast imagined all the earth ;
Yet wandering o'er a bleached and barren land,
My life but now begun,
I die, amid the far-horizoned girth
Of arid desert, and wide glaring sky.

O Allah, at this hour,
When my form faints, I feel my spirit's worth
Wakening, as from a dream, to glorify
Thine omnipresent power !

“ Faith lifts the darkness from my earthly eyes,
And lo, I see myself a part of Thee ;
Thou art my breath and strength ;
My spirit mingles with cool evening skies,
Rejoices with the wind-kissed, rippling sea,
Hovers o'er all the length
And breadth of the green woodland, and I rise
On surging waves of prayer to Thy domain,
To touch the secret springs
Of the One energy that lives and dies,
And swift is born to visible life again,
In all created things.

“ Held in the inspiration of Thy breath,
The earth, the waters, and the vital fire
Move to Thy loving will.
Touched by Thy hand, the dead awakeneth ;
New stars are born above ; at Thy desire
The wildest winds are still.
Faith effects miracle, the Koran saith ;
Breathe then upon my spirit, — breathe once
more
Upon this desert land :
So forms of life shall spring from seeming death,

And a fresh paradise, undreamed before,
Appear upon the sand ! ”

Abdallah's voice was still, and melodies
Of limpid waters murmuring met his ear,
Under th' Arabian palm ;
Soft shadows wavered in the rustling breeze,
And silver-circled cloudlands floated near,
In skies of azured calm.
Marging the stream, in shade of tender trees,
Shone clustering gleams of star and zephyr-
flower,

Arrayed in purest white ;
While song of birds, in dulcet cadences,
Blended with fluting brooks, within a bower
Of wonder-born delight.

“ Praise be to Allah, who hath heard my prayer,
And fanned the barren with transfiguring breath,
In answer to my cry !
From the engulfing desert of despair
Faith rises free, remoulding life from death,
Thy name to glorify.
This miracled oasis, sprung from air,
Shall be the witness that I consecrate
My heart and soul to Thee ;
Uplift me to that presence-chamber where
Th' imaginations of Thy soul create
The forms of Thy decree.”

A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

SAINTS of the faith were floating away,
With Lazarus pale, and Salomé ;
Driven from Judea to drift on the sea :
Maximin, Marthe, and the Marys three,
Exiled for faith in Calvary, —
Drifted away.

Floated afar by winds of the sea,
When from the shore, — “ I come to thee,”
Sara’s clear voice called over the foam,
“ Borne on the breast of the wave I come,
Swift where the crested billows roam
Over the sea ! ”

Salomé cast her veil on the sea,
And called, “ O maiden, come to me ;
Come to our bark that floateth so frail,
Floateth with never an oar nor sail ;
Come on the lightly wafted veil
Over the sea ! ”

“Swiftly I come,” the maiden cried,
“To die for Christ the crucified !”
Sara the maid stood ready to dare,
Stood on the shore, with aureoled hair,
Sending the pinioned power of prayer
Over the tide.

Salomé’s veil was cast at her feet ;
She stepped where land and waters meet,—
Stepped on the veil in strength of her faith ;
Floated afar in the face of Death,
Borne by a veil as light as breath
Under her feet.

Over the moving heart of the deep
She followed free the surges’ sweep,
Standing erect on Salomé’s veil,
Straight to the bark that floated so frail,
Bearing the saints with never a sail
Over the deep.

Tempest and tide were strong in the night ;
They drove the bark in fearful flight
Over the sea to a pagan land,
Bearing the saints with their faithful band
Far to Provence by the Lord’s command,
Bringing His light.

Now, on a shore soft kissed by the sea,
Standeth the church of the Marys three,
Where in Provence they proclaimed the faith,
Lifting our infidel souls from death
Up to the Christ who sent His breath
Over the sea.

SONG.

YE wanderers of the night
Who cry for water in a desert land,
And seek a lonely light
Athwart a shifting sand,
Come with my love and me
Away, away, beyond the shadowed shore,
Across the windy sea,
Where none have dared before.

To worlds of iris air,
Where nymph and naiad weave the warp of
dreams
Within the woof of prayer,
Inwrought with mystic gleams ;
And fling the fabric far
Away, away, o'er rivulet and lea,
To reach the golden star
That lights the silver sea.

O wanderers of the night,
Come to the land where whispering waters rise,
And where the lonely light
Shines in Elysian skies.

Come with my love and me
Away, away, beyond the darkened bar,
To find the silver sea
Beneath the golden star.

NENUPHAR.

A DREAM FANTASY.

IN Wonderlands of the Invisible,
Creative spirits weave the mystic spell
That floating wide-winged o'er the outer world
Shadows the land with color, wide unfurled
In rainbowed hues of beauty's miracle.
Dowered with vision, led by fortuned fate,
A mortal sometimes finds the cloistered gate
Of Wonderland, and deep enchanted there,
Heareth all voices of the earth and air,
Till sun and star become articulate.

So Nenuphar, a lowly maid of earth,
Was gifted with a child-like wisdom worth
The wealth of Indra, or the golden dower
Of kings ; for hers was pure essential power, —
A gift of loving spirits at her birth ;
And like a fabled prince of Fairyland,
Led on the quest by many a strange command
Of bird and fish and flower, so Nenuphar,
Listening for wafted words of moon and star,
Was touched with power to hear and understand.

Her ears were open to the voice of love
That whispers where the woodland spirits move,
And stirs the lonely silence of the night ;
And crystal clearness of her unveiled sight
Rose to the altars of a world above,
Where elemental nature and man's fate
Are bound in cords of kinship that vibrate
With vivid messages o'er land and sea,
Cleaving the spaces of immensity
With fiery flash, of heaven irradiate.

At twilight, when the evening's silver veil
Floated over pearly sea and emerald dale,
Her wakened genius spread immortal wings,
To bear her forth on starry wanderings
To glowing realm of dream and fairy tale,
Where souls of every visible form abide ;
Where shape and color are so glorified
With tremulous impassioned radiance,
That, calm, the dreamer sails in visioned trance
Like a rose-colored cloud at eventide ;

And sees the light of Wonderland enfold
The lily's white, the sunset's rubied gold,
The woodland's waving robe of tender green,
With lambent loveliness of hazy sheen ;
While images of miracles untold,
Forms of the past and tints of the to be,

Float on the silver mirror of the sea,
Pictured from blue Elysian depths above ;
And Nenuphar, with dreaming eyes of love,
Could read the heaven-reflected prophecy.

She came by many a fair phantasmal bower,
To glowing gardens where each fadeless flower—
Spirit of lotus, rose, and asphodel,
Love's edelweiss, and azured fairy bell—
Is aureoled by dream's immortal dower.
She came to amethystine mountains high
Amid celestial fires that vivify
Their majesty with radiant imagings,
While golden clouds on wide aerial wings
Sweep through the blazing arches of the sky.

A mystic power of the Invisible
Weaves into every shape a fairy spell,
And builds bright traceried temples, white
With marble sheen and lucent chrysolite,
Towering to hazy dome and pinnacle.
Here dwell the messengers of Wonderland,
Who ministering earthward often stand
Close to the mystery of mortal sleep,
And when our spirits wander to the deep,
Whisper a dream of counsel or command.

And Nenuphar remembered, as along
The visible ways of men she walked, made strong

And joyous for her sojourn here,
By breath of that enchanted atmosphere
Beyond the veil of waking sense, where throng
Bright elemental spirits whispering
To listening ears the harmonies that sing
In flower and cloud ; telling the mysteries
Unsearchable of worlds beneath the seas ;
Of rainbow's birth, and secret of the spring.

Forever holding in her hand the clew
To life creative far beyond the blue,
She found the magic message everywhere,
Smiling from opal seas and azured air ;
From woodland green and lily's heavenly
hue,
And when at night the royal sun hath gone
From jewelled splendor of his golden throne,
She felt the star's uplifting, still embrace,
And heard their song ascending in far space
Like incense of a holy orison.

Waking from Wonderland one starry night,
A wave of rapture folded her like light,
Breaking in radiance through all her being,
Until both soul and sense, absorbed, unsee-
ing,
Quivered to pulses of the Infinite.
An unknown love enfolded her like flame,

As over all her blissful being came
Fulfilment of the spirit's white desire,
Uniting her in pure ascending fire
To an immortal, — comrade of her dream.

And as her rapture faded memory woke ;
In flood-tide o'er her twofold vision broke
The knowledge that beyond the invisible bar
A spirit of the air loved *Nenuphar*
With love that to her waking senses spoke
In every whispered breath of wandering air
That softly kissed the tendrils of her hair ;
In every limpid sunbeam's long caress,
Folding her close in fervent tenderness ;
In each awakening bud's unspoken prayer.

But when like perfume from a lily's heart
Free, ether-winged her soul became a part
Of immemorial worlds, oft sung
In music and in verse of every tongue,
Like a swift star the immortal came athwart
The borderland of vision's changing light,
To meet the marvel of her spirit's flight ;
And close together in a love-bond born
Of Heaven, they wandered till the earthly dawn
Recalled her from the arcana of the night.

All day she trod the earth as in a dream,
Shedding the fragrance of a joy supreme ;

Until her sleep-enchanted eyes might see
Wide habitations of Night's sovereignty,
And through the Empyrean gates should gleam
The starry presence of that deathless one,
Who from the Invisible had wooed and won
Her spirit to the crowning blessedness
Of love ; and who in joy immortal, fathomless,
Had knelt with her before Love's lucent throne.

One night they wandered to the utmost verge
Of human vision, where white watch-fires surge
Before the blinding mysteries of creation.
If on strong wings of love or aspiration,
A mortal cometh here, strange force shall merge
Her being in the light that lasts forever.
Nenuphar felt the lingering earth link quiver,
And sudden vivid flash made visible
The hillside home where she was wont to
dwell,
Far, as across an ever widening river.

She saw her mother by the garden wall,
Faintly she heard the village church bells call
To common prayer ; and little children played
Under the gnarled old apple-tree's wide shade :
With love inviolate she saw it all.
Then a cord snapped, and darkness of the
deep

Softly enshrined her twofold life, to keep
Her cradled in the Unconscious, till new-born
She woke amid the tenderness of dawn
To wider worlds beyond the gates of sleep.

The two immortals, bathed in wonderlight,
Trembled together towards the Infinite
In flame-born mystery of endless love ;
Like sunset clouds that dream in realms above,
And blending, wing away beyond our sight ;
Down the dim distances still floating far,
To meet the awakening of the evening star ;
Till dusk bedims the heavens with silver gray,
As merged in mystery they float away ;
And lonely mortals weep for Nenuphar.

GENIUS.

AROUND the cradle of the prince, new-born,
Gathered the spirits of the air and earth,
To shower with gifts the babe of royal birth,
And crown him with the flush of roseate dawn,
His smoothly flowing days to bless
With riches, health, and happiness.

But "nay" the mother said, as pale, far-eyed,
She lifted him, and folded to her breast:
"I would not have his princely spirit rest
In flowery ease; whatever else betide,
Give him the pulsing, strenuous heart,
To touch God's world in every part."

Spoke all the spirits then with solemn rite:
"Be then his gift to seek, to love, to aspire;
To feel the rush of worlds, to see God's fire,
And to bear witness of the undying light.
Be his own dower of peace or strife,
We crown him with the flame of Life."

SYLPH AND GLENDOVEER.

SOFT on the dreaming Night,
Winged by the ether's light,
Float sylph and glendoveer ;
Tidings of worlds afar,
Songs of the evening star,
Whispering low and clear.

Listen and ye shall hear
The sylph and glendoveer
Pass o'er the spell-bound earth :
Call, and a voice shall tell
Of forms invisible
Weaving the weft of birth.

Waking the sleeping earth,
To fill the winter's dearth
With miracle of spring ;
And flash in fleeting gleams
Across our twilight dreams,
When fields are blossoming.

Hark to their whispering !
Their secret love shall bring
The starry light of love
To glow in every flower
With elemental power
From wonderworlds above.

They haunt the rustling grove,
Where evening zephyrs rove,
And rippling waters rise.
Over the silver sea,
Veiled in white mystery,
Their light procession flies.

Phantasmal to our eyes,
Prophetic of pure skies ;
Listen and ye shall hear
Songs of the Infinite
Sung to the dreaming Night
By sylph and glendoveer.

NIGHT-WIND.

THE Night-Wind wandered down the dale,
And called across the silence: "Come
to me;
Come, free above thine earthly interval,
For I would show another world to thee!"

"The world thy spirit knows,
When thine eyes close
In holiest sleep;
The world thy visions hold,
When harmonies unfold
The mystery-portalled deep."

Longing, I listened to the Night-Wind's voice,
And cried: "Oh, take me where thy wandering
goeth;
Where spirits of the upper air rejoice;
Up to the dreamlands that thy sojourn knoweth."

The soft wind lifted me
Above the silent sea,

Beyond the bourns of night.
Light on the listening air,
Ascending like a prayer,
To worlds of wonder-light.

Where the lost longings of the tender Earth
Live on in shapes eternal, deathlessly ;
Where our dead day-dreams tremble to new
birth,
Mid pictured prophecies of things to be ;

Where every soul's desire,
Ascending in white fire,
Is radiantly fulfilled,
By law of realms unknown ;
Where love must find its own,
As the One Love hath willed.

I heard lost strains of music that uprise
From Earth, and vanish from our mortal ears ;
I saw unspoken raptures crystallize
In form and color born of purer spheres.

The Night-Wind called aloud,
And down through veil and cloud,
His wide wings carried me.
Now, wandering by the river,
I feel the forest quiver,
With breath of ecstasy.

SLEEP.

SLEEP opened her dominion of wide Night,
And led by dreams I came to separate ways,
Where stood unveiled to mine uplifted gaze,
Two spirits vested in effulgent white.
One dim-eyed, mystic as the silent Sphinx,
Looked far athwart the heavenly worlds' empire
In calm ineffable of dead desire ;
Unconscious of all interwoven links
That bind the absolute, eternal One
To the incarnate myriads in space.
Words may not paint her still, majestic face,
Potent and pure ; her name, — Oblivion.
In marbled might she pointed far away
To night-starred mansions of the Invisible,
Where the supernal Peace and Silence dwell
Beyond all shapes and utterances of Day.

Her sister spirit's name was Memory ;
Touched by the tenderness within her eyes,
I felt a surge of unknown sadness rise
Deep in my heart, then change to ecstasy.

Divinely conscious of all living things
She pointed to her realm's clear, rainbowed air,
Where spirit forms of joy, desire, and prayer
Wove for the mortal heart immortal wings.

So stood Oblivion and Memory
Together, holding widely different ways ;
And while I wondered, came a twilight haze
Athwart the vision so vouchsafed to me :
But ere the gift of dreams was all withdrawn,
While yet I saw the spirits standing there,
I looked once more on both, and both were
fair ; —
Then I awoke to sweetness of the dawn.

SWAN-SONG.

O H, dreams, desire, and love
Rising immortal to the worlds above,
Life of the emerald earth, I see
Your faces from the crystal verge
Of beckoning Night, — your voices surge
Up to the blue infinity !

Strong Death, I drift with thee
Over the mirror of the sea,
Singing the sweetness of the earth ;
Watching her living waters stream
In vivid, golden floods that gleam
Far to the Night's star-circling girth.

Upflashing to th' inspirèd sky,
My dreams of old were borne on high,
To cleave with white wings of desire
The rainbow, and the sunset flame,
Till from white, silent spaces came
Love in an aureole of fire.

Oh, beauty of the azured river
Revealed of love ! By night the gold stars quiver
 Held in thy darkest depth ; by day
The tender forest sleeps upon thy breast,
And love, on waters without rest,
 Sweeps onward while life floats away.

My earthly dream is dead,
The flame of my desire hath fled,
 And love is lost in the wide night ; —
Never, oh, never has their beauty shone
With such irradiance, while I float on
 With Death to meet the infinite !

Oh, dreams, desire, and love !
I see your deathless spirits move
 In mystery of veiled light,
Where beauty glows eternally ;
I hear your voices call to me,
 Beyond the rim of night.











